Our Soveraigne proceſſe, which imports at full
By letters congruing to that effect
The preſent death of *Hamlet*, doe it England,
For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages,
And thou muſt cure me: till I know 'tis done,
How ere my haps, my joyes will nere begin. *Exit.*

Enter Fortinbraſſe with his Army over the Stage.

Fortin. Goe Captaine, from me greet the Daniſh King,
Tell him that by his licence *Fortinbraſſe*
Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdome; you know the rendezvous,
If that his Majeſtie would ought with us
We ſhall expreſſe our duty in his eye,
And let him know ſo.

Cap. I will doe't my Lord.

Fortin. Goe ſoftly on.

Enter Hamlet, Roſencraus, &c.

Ham. Good ſir whoſe powers are theſe?

Cap. They are of *Norway* ſir.

Ham. How propos'd ſir I pray you?

Cap. Againſt ſome part of *Poland*.

Ham. Who commands them ſir?

Cap. The Nephew of old *Norway*, *Fortinbraſſe*.

Ham. Goes it againſt the maine of *Poland* ſir,
Or for ſome frontier?

Cap. Truely to ſpeake, and with no addition,
We goe to gaine a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name,
To pay five duckets, five I would not farme it,
Nor will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*
A ranker rate, ſhould it be ſold in fee.

Ham. Why then the *Pollack* never will defend it.

Cap. Nay 'tis already garriſond.

Ham. Two thouſand ſoules and 20000 duckets
Will not debate the queſtion of this ſtraw;
This is th'impoſtume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breakes and ſhewes no cauſe without
Why the man dyes. I humbly thanke you ſir.

Cap.

Cap. God buy your ſir.

Roſ. Wil't pleaſe you goe my Lord?

Ham. Ile be with you ſtraight, goe a little before.
How all occaſions doe informe againſt me,
And ſpur my dull revenge? What is a man,
If his chiefe good and market of his time
Be but to ſleepe and feed? a beaſt, no more.
Sure he that made us with ſuch large diſcourſe,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and God-like reaſon
To faſt in us unus'd: now whether it be
Beſtiall oblivion, or ſome craven ſcruple
Of thinking too preciſely on th' event,
A thought which quarterd hath but one part wiſdom,
And ever three parts coward: I doe not know
Why yet I live to ſay this thing's to doe,
Sith I have cauſe, and will, and ſtrength, and meanes
To doe't: examples groſſe as earth exhort me,
Witneſſe this army of ſuch maſſe and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whoſe ſpirit with divine ambition puft
Makes mouthes at the inviſible event,
Expoſing what is mortall and unſure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egge-ſhell. Rightly to be great
Is not to ſtir without great argument,
But greatly to finde quarrell in a ſtraw,
When honour's at the ſtake. How ſtand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother ſtain'd,
Excitements of my reaſon and my blood,
And let all ſleep, while to my ſhame I ſee
The imminent death of twenty thouſand men,
That for a fantaſie and tricke of fame
Goe to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cauſe,
Which is not tombe enough and continent
To hide the ſlaine? O from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. *Exit.*